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Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."*

[Concluded from page 370.]

PART II.—The Peri has found a gift worthy to bear to the gates of Heaven; she has caught the last life drop from the heart of the young hero who falls fighting for his country, and the praise of "blood for liberty shed" has been sung in the magnificent chorus which forms the finale of Part I. We wait the result with the opening of the second part.

The first piece (No. 10) is altogether lovely. A slow, thoughtful melody of the oboe, with a syncopated, faltering accompaniment, preludes to and accompanies the Tenor solo, which recites (what the music has already in itself suggested) the timid and wistful approach of the Peri to the gate of Eden, scarcely daring to ask herself if it stands open. The oboe still pursues its theme, while the Angel (Alto) addresses her.

Sweet is our welcome of the Brave,
Who die thus for their native Land—
But see—alas! the crystal bar moves not—
Holler far the boon must be,
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee!

The musical phrase (taken with the instrumental harmony), to which the last two lines are set, is exquisite beyond description; it is indeed angelic music; and instantly an angel chorus (female voices in four parts, four voices on each part) echo the passage *pianissimo*, the same delicious harmony being caught up into the ethereal octaves; and the very brief, but not to be forgotten piece ends, as it began, with the oboe theme and syncopated harmony. There is such purity, refinement, tenderness in this passing breath of melody and harmony, that it may well seem to come from upper air and from a heavenlier sphere. The tenderness and sweetness with which this heavenly No! is uttered, contains assurance of the final victory—is victory, if you listen only to the music, which reveals the deeper truth beneath the words.

11. This number opens with Tenor recitative again, the pauses filled with rustling of wings, as the disappointed Peri flies away upon another quest, to "Afric's lunar mountains."

Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that strange tide—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth.
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile.

The last three lines suggest to Schumann a happy interpolation of his own: a chorus of Genii of the Nile:

Come forth from the waters, appear!
Come, spirits! What form divine lingers here?
'Tis a Peri, see how wondrous fair;
Take care, take care!
List to her song!
Hear her complaint!
Listen! still!

It is a chorus for three parts, soprano, alto

* Reprinted from Dwight's Journal of Music, 1863.

and tenor, and is one of the most delightfully original, romantic and poetic creations to be found in the whole repertoire of fairy music. The slumber song of the Elves in "Oberon," the Naiad chorus in the same, the fairy choruses of Mendelssohn, are no whit more remarkable nor steal upon the sense with a more exquisite surprise. The key is B minor. The cool and watery shades, the steady flow and ripple of the stream, whence these startled sprites emerge and call to one another, are indicated by a rapid and continuous violoncello figure, which runs through the whole, while flute and clarinet and oboe fling in chords above, like little calls and signals, helping to make the nervous accent of the vocal phrases, which are treated fugue-wise, with bits of imitation in the violins. The creature whom the Genii rush out to see is not more "wondrous fair" nor more alive, than is this music; it excites in you the sweet and strange surprise it sings of. The picture is not in the least commonplace, nor is it in the least misty or indefinite; it is not unsubstantial, dream-like, sentimental, but real and objective; it is as sound and wholesome as it is thoroughly imaginative music. You cannot listen to it unrefreshed. But we have not told all:—the Peri's voice is heard from time to time blending its sad strain with the chorus; and hark! it is a snatch of that same yearning, earnest melody, which she sang when first we heard her (No. 2), as she thought of the happiness of the spirits in Heaven; now, to the same tune, she sings (and beautifully it is worked in with the bright themes of the chorus):

O Eden, fair Eden, I'm longing for thee!
Ah when shall thy portals be open to me?

12. The running accompaniment to the chorus of the Nile genii dies away, gradually slackening its pace like a spinning wheel as it goes to sleep, and disappearing in the new chord (G minor) upon which the Tenor solo tells of her further flight:

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotto and sepulchres of Kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs list'ning to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves
To watch the pelicans that break
The azure calm of Moeris' Lake.
For ne'er did mortal eye behold
A fairer scene; a Land more bright.
Who could have thought that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadly blast!

The style of this recitative is serious, sweet, sympathetic, graphic, fully in keeping with the words and situation. As it goes on the accompaniment takes the form of a steady alternation of a low chord of strings answered by a higher chord of reeds and flutes, giving the idea of a wide, rich, tranquil scene. Presently these harmonies grow dull and close and swelter, like the very atmosphere of pestilence; diminished sevenths to satiety; a creeping, lifeless, would-be modulation, restless, finding no outlet; a turgid, over-crowded, helpless sort of

harmony; in itself not very beautiful or musical, certainly not refreshing, but wonderfully suggestive of the scene it introduces, while you have the comfort that it is very short. It soon dies away, and a holier calm begins to fill the air as the Peri's voice is heard, in a few tender phrases, sighing over these sad fruits of the fall of man. Her strain grows exquisitely touching as it takes the rhythm of the last two lines:

Some flow'rets of Eden inherit ye still,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!

13. This triple (3-4) rhythm keeps on in the accompaniment, accelerating, brightening into the major, giving a buoyant lift to a charming page of symphony, in the course of which the Tenor solo (melody and bass now in 4-4 against 6-4) tells how the Peri wept and instantly the air around grew pure and clear. The symphony suddenly ceases, and a quartet of mixed voices sing, first in plain choral form:

For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

And then the voices separate in imitative phrases, with accompaniment, and recombine again, and the piece ends with a return of the opening instrumental motive.

14. A short Alto solo, in E minor, a sort of Romanza, a sad and simple tune, which repeats itself, dividing the words into two stanzas; and the same tune is sung a third time, in the tenor, by the plague-stricken youth:

Alto Solo.

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of all;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here, without one tear-drop's fall!

The Youth.

None to watch near me; none to slake
The fire that in my bosom lies;
Oh for a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before mine eyes.

15. This number is perhaps more amenable to the charge of that peculiar "Schumannism," which has been a stumbling block to many.—That is, it seems at first sight, not quite so clear and natural as most that we have been through; over-ingenuous, crowded, more like an orchestral fantasia, some might think it. But it is certainly expressive and has traits of rare beauty. To the first portion of it, however, the Alto (or Mezzo Soprano) Solo there can be no objection on the score of clearness or beauty—a well defined and tender melody, moving in six-four measure, accompanied by full, evenly divided chords:

Soprano Solo.

Deserted Youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath,—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where airs from fountain-falls,
Perfum'd by many a brand
Of wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd

Tenor Solo.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, thro' moonlight dim,
He knew his own betrothed bride.
Her arms are round him now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And in the lake her loosen'd tresses
Dips, to bind his burning brow.

The Youth.—Thou here! O fly!
One breath of mine brings death to thee.

As the Tenor solo enters, the time is hurried, the rhythm syncopated and disturbed, the modulation strange, and the widening chords appear to take great rapid strides, raising a passing doubt of perfect fitness; but as the music grows more excited, it grows more beautiful too, the orchestra giving free reins to its fancy at the thought of the devoted maiden clasping the dying youth.

16. But now listen to the Maiden, as the key modulates enharmonically into that singularly pure, fine sphere of F sharp major.

The Maiden.—Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm!
And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no!
Oh, let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breath'd by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!

The song suggests not a large, but a fine, high, bird-like, earnest little soprano voice; and the whole soul of unselfish, passionate, devoted, pure first love pours itself out in this most musical and touching strain. Sure never was a truer, sweeter love strain. The Tenor solo briefly describes the rest of the mournful, but morally beautiful scene:

She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
So fades the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle—and his pain is past—
He is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

A few softly breathed low chords, from the trombones, fill the sacred silence, and then, the key changing to B major, we have

No. 17. The wonderfully beautiful Finale to this Second Part. It is a heavenly Requiem sung over the lovers, by the Peri, joined by a silvery choir of angel voices (in six parts: two sopranos, two altos, two tenors). These are the words:

Peri and Chorus.

Sleep on, in visions of odor rest,
In airs balmy than ever yet stir'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-day—
Sleep on, in dreams thine eyelids close,
Sleep on, thou true one, gently repose!

Chorus.

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Uncarthy breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd;

While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, placid to keep
Watch till their souls should rise from sleep.

It is impossible to conceive of melody more crystal clear, serene and luminous with light from heaven than this sweet, simple melody, in which the Peri's voice leads off, or of harmony more pure and chastely rich than that which accompanies it. When this pure white beam of melody divides into the prismatic colors of harmony, as the angel voices take up the lovely theme, the chords in the accompaniment are broken into light, hovering wing-like figures, which seem to buoy the strange, delicious music up and hold it poised in upper air still within reach of mortal ears. At intervals the Peri's voice adds itself to the heavenly chorus. Nor is this all. The basses all the while are chanting, in deep tones, a wholly different motive, which supports the rest, supplying (in the words above) the narrative description of the scene *ab extra*, while the angels sing.

And here endeth the Second Part. Will the last sigh of these true lovers open Heaven's gate to the Peri?

The Third Part opens with a chorus of blissful Houriis singing in Paradise, while the Peri is winging her way up to the gate to offer her second gift.

This chorus (No. 18) is one of the happiest and freshest fancies in the whole Cantata. The idea of introducing such a chorus is Schumann's own, and he has probably composed the words as well as the music, of which the English version before us is rather a free one:

Strew with fair garlands great Allah's throne,
Roses entwining, bring gayest flowers,
Till the Eternal's propitious smile
Graciously fall on Heav'n's utmost bowers.
His throne surrounding,
With joy abounding,
Humbly bow before the Lord!

It is of course for female voices, and is in four parts, soprano and alto. There is a wholesome, serene happiness, a clear, perennial purity and freshness in the music. The joyful melody of the leading theme is divided between the two upper parts, which pursue each other in canon, while the alto fill out the harmony. The beauty is bewildering, while you feel the perfect unity; it requires no science to enjoy it, if it did to write it. The instruments go with the voices:—what could they do better? Then comes in a second thought:

Let us forget not those we love,
Wandering o'er the earth in sadness!
Darkness below us, splendor above,
Hated there, but here love and gladness!
Strew with fair, &c.

These lines are sung by a single voice on each part, in a more thoughtful minor key, while the canon form is dropped. The charm of this middle sentence in the music is worthy to contrast with that of the principal motive (in canon), "Strew with fair garlands," &c., which returns to round off the chorus proper, although the piece is not yet finished. The time is quickened, as the accompaniments break into triplets, and a solo voice calls out in excited tones:

See where comes flying the Peri fair
Toward Heaven's gate!

and the rest take up the strain in chorus:

Peri, fair Peri, do not despair,
Faith and Trust will betray thee never.
Seek for the boon,
Thou'lt reach it soon,
What so dear is unto the Lord!

There is a chaste and serious expression in all this; but the next lines, sung by two voices in thirds, in gay, light-hearted triplets, are more suggestive of the common notion of the delights of a Mahomedan paradise:

Let us away to the rosy bowers,
Pleasure bestowing, pleasure receiving,
Kisses partaking, warm kisses giving,
'Mid the cool arbors hanging with flowers.

There is a touch here of the naive Mozart style of gaiety, and you are reminded of Zerlina's wedding-day—just for a moment, for immediately, with the next three lines:

See the sun ascending—
Bliss never ending
Stays for the blest who wait on the Lord!

the chorus comes in with a few bars of most solemn and impressive character, with trombones, all *pianissimo*, accompanying. As the last chord dies away, a single violin shoots up the scale, at once suggesting the Peri's eager upward flight, and leading into the next number of the music:

19. Tenor solo, followed by Alto solo. Another of those melodious recitations, with beautiful and graphic accompaniment, telling how she listens to the preceding chorus, as she soars up to the heavenly gate, bearing the last sigh of the lovers; how her heart beats high with hope as she hears the sound of the crystal bells from the trees of Eden (bells imitated in the music;) but how, after all, her hope is again deceived; the gate stands not open; and then the Alto (Angel) gives her words of comfort, but: "Far holier must be the gift," &c.

20. Recitative of the Peri: "Rejected! Ah! banished," &c., slow and mournful; but breaking forth directly into an earnest, ardent, beautiful Allegro; her whole soul goes forth in it; it is a song of aspiration, so pure and intense that it can know no failure:

No, let me not rest, but wander forth,
Earth's farthest shores to wander over,
From pole to pole seek to discover
This costly prize I would attain,
That yields the highest bliss to me,
When Eden's gate shall open be.
What though it sleeps
In caverns deep,
Where darkness reigns—I'll not despair,
But find the precious jewel there!

21. Air for a Baritone voice, very slow, with a rich, half slumbrous, humble-bee sort of murmur in it, very melodious and sweet. And very original; a song that rewards study; difficult to sing well, yet capable of fine effect when so sung; the accompaniment moving in rich and often strangely groping chords; but the seeming monotony relieved in the middle portion by a running figure in the violas, and afterwards arpeggios. This baritone air may be found dull and heavy; but it is designed to illustrate the poetic description of luxurious Eastern scenery, with its heavy, scented air, as well as the fading rays of sunset "on Syria's land where blooms the rose."

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks.
More golden where the sunlight falls:—
And then the mingled sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.

It was no easy task, and a bold one, to set this long stretch of verbal scene-painting, all of such richly mingled hues and images, to music; but it is achieved here by the magical touch of genius. Not the less genius, and not the less interesting, if we do have here, as in a few other places, something of that "magical narcotic perfume" which a German critic has ascribed to Schumann.

22. Here we have another of those happy poetic as well as musical ideas, which Schumann has interpolated into Moore's poem. He supposes the Peri, starting earthward on her next search, to be met by four sister Peris, who sing a most delightful, thoroughly original, refreshing little Quartet; a delicious surprise. "Peri, is't true?" they sing: "dost thou to Heaven's gate aspire? Shall sun so bright and starry night no more delight thee?"

Then take us with thee!" The inquiring piquancy of the little phrases echoed from soprano to alto (each in two parts); the freshness, brightness, quaintness of the harmony; the lively figure in the accompaniment, which goes fluttering off in octave triplets as the voices cease, has a novel and indescribable charm. It falls like a ray of the newest sort of sunshine into the midst of the golden gloom of the baritone descriptive solo which precedes and follows it, relating how sad the soul of the Peri, how weary her wings as she beholds the ruined temples of the Sun.

23. This number, wholly narrative and descriptive, contains the third and last adventure of the Peri and the finding of the heavenly gift. It is neither melody, nor recitative precisely, although a continuous chain of solo pieces. Perhaps the term *melodious recitation*, which we have before used, will best apply to it. First, the Peri muses over the thought that there may be an amulet hidden in that Temple of the Sun, whose inscription haply she may read, and it will tell her where the charm she seeks may really be found. Then the Tenor takes up "the wondrous tale" in equally wondrous music, changing with all the changes of poetic image, yet with a pervading theme of melody, which passes into a purer, heavenlier key, as it were, and an Alto or Mezzo Soprano voice, where the vesper bell calls to prayer (how tenderly the image of the praying child is given by the lovely music!); then back to the Tenor, who tells the effect on the sinful man; the number ending with the solemn, simple tune of a religious choral, which the man sings, thinking of his own days of infancy and innocence—We can do scarcely more than cite the words:

Tenor Solo.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither:
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Heaven
In the rich West begun to wither:—
When o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
She sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they:—
And near the boy, who tird with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
Oaths broken, and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests—the shrine profan'd—
In blackest drops there written all.

Soprano Solo.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And kneels upon the fragrant sod.
From Purity's own cherub mouth
Lisp the eternal name of God.
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like an angel child,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

Tenor Solo.

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

The Man.

There was a time, thou blessed child,
When, young and pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now!

All this is told quite as much, or more, by the instruments than by the voice. It forms a beautiful connected whole, every detail of which, even to the smallest shade or image, rewards examination. Yet it is not so piquant or so strikingly effective as some portions of the Cantata; it has, perhaps, too much of the "magical narcotic perfume" as of an overlaid atmosphere, and, but for the bright Quartet of Paris, it might, coming so soon after the long Baritone solo, be somewhat wearisome to some ears. But there is in it the charm of a something mystical and sacred. It brings us to the sanctuary, where the Holy Grail is kept.

24. The penitential psalm just sung by the man becomes the theme of a sacred chorus in four parts, with four soli: "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!" Rich, noble and impressive harmony; church-like and grand, with passages of imitative counterpoint. A refreshing, soul-strengthening piece.

25. The descriptive, mystical, richly accompanied, melodious recitation is resumed again. The Peri muses on the magical power of that "one heavenly drop," the tear of repentance; and then follows in a tender and admiring vein:

Tenor Solo, with Chorus.

And now, behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!
'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon that tear.
To mortal eye this light may seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

At the words: "And hymns of joy proclaim thro' Heaven," we catch as it were the far off angelic harmony, snatches of chorus *pianissimo*, with trombone accompaniment. The tenor completes the strain alone, leading directly into the jubilant and glorious Finale.

26. The Peri's song of joy and triumph, accompanied by the welcoming Chorus of the Blest:

Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd and Heaven is won!

It is a swift, exciting, heaven-climbing song, full of rapture uncontainable, springing and falling beautifully as a fountain in the sunshine. The instruments partake of the enthusiasm, and supply bright and stimulating phrases, full of suggestion and sometimes of reminiscence; as for instance, when the Peri compares the worthlessness of all other joys to those of Eden, the orchestra recalls repeatedly, in various keys, and with a rare charm of harmony, a striking passage from her very first song (No. 2) where wistfully she made the same comparison she now makes in triumph. Her ardent, soaring voice keeps on, now alternating with the chorus, now ringing clear upon the top of it. Higher and higher it soars, never weary of repeating the strain, now holding out a long, high liquid tone, now disporting itself in shining circles, and climbing at last to the C in *alt*, before it is swallowed up from mortal ears, with the angelic chorus, in heights of heavenly bliss, beyond where mortal ear or eye may follow.

Cherubini.

Memorials illustrative of his Life. By Edward Bellasis.
(From the London Musical Standard.)

(Continued from page 372.)

In 1809 Cherubini wrote anonymously the one act opera "Pimmallione." Napoleon had brought Crescentini the singer to Paris, and some of the musician's friends persuaded him to write this opera with the object of overcoming the aversion which Napoleon

always exhibited for him. Fétis writes enthusiastically of the work. It seems to have made some impression on the Emperor.

At the grand scena in the opera, Napoleon was affected to tears; he eagerly asked the name of its composer, yet when told, showed more surprise than satisfaction, and said nothing, but afterwards sent Cherubini a sum of money, and requested him to write the music for an ode on his approaching marriage, which Cherubini did in May, 1810.

Later in the year he wrote his lovely "Litany of the Virgin" for Prince Esterhazy, who sent the composer a very valuable ring. "Le Crescendo," a short opera, seems to have been remarkable, principally on account of an air describing a combat, and sung by a man who hates noise of any kind. The air is sung *solo voce*, and the orchestra accompanies *pianissimo*. The idea is ingenious, and the effect is said to be piquant. Cherubini spent six months in the composition of his stupendous Mass in D minor. Beethoven's great Mass in D was composed eight years after this work. Cherubini has certainly forestalled the later writer in many of his finest effects; his mass is also longer than that of Beethoven's. Perhaps this extreme length is the chief obstacle to its frequent performance, at least in its proper place as service music. There is, however, a great deal of repetition in it, so that it could be shortened if necessary. As it now stands, its enormous length makes it useless for church purposes, except on occasions of great solemnity. Mr. Bellasis bestows but a scanty criticism on this noble mass; in largeness of design, sublimity of conception, dramatic intensity, and deep religious beauty, it stands, many think, at the head of all ecclesiastical music.

Mr. Bellasis writes, "in most composer's hands a fugue has been inappropriate for a Kyrie." We cannot agree to this assertion, and are at a loss to know why the fugue should not be just as fitting for the Kyrie as for other numbers of the mass. It is true that the tone of the Kyrie is throughout one of supplication, but this is no reason why the canonic form should not be employed here as elsewhere. Cherubini sets a good example in not repeating over and over again the words "et incarnatus est de spiritu Sancto ex Maria virgine, et Homo factus est." It is customary here to kneel, during a single recitation of these words, and the solemnity of this act is unquestionably destroyed by the frequent reiteration of the words. Had we time and space, we might point out many striking and picturesque effects of orchestration in this mass, but must content ourselves by referring to Mr. Bellasis's analysis, and recommending students to the score of the work itself.

"Les Abencérages" was the next work of any importance from the maestro's pen. Pronounced solid and even finer than "Medea," it was, however, brought out at an unfortunate time; the disastrous tidings of the retreat from Moscow, and the pursuit by the Cossacks, very considerably damped the spirits of the Parisians. Mendelssohn in a letter written to Moscheles in 1837, terms Cherubini "a matchless fellow," and continues:—"I've got his 'Abencérages,' and cannot sufficiently admire the sparkling fire, the clever, original phrasing, the extraordinary delicacy and refinement with which the whole is written, or feel grateful enough to the grand old man for it. Besides it is so free, and bold, and spirited." The Government, seeing the necessity of rousing the spirits of the people, borrowed an idea from an early English statesman, and commissioned Cherubini, Catel, Boieldieu, and Nicolo, to write a pasticcio entitled "Bayard à Mezières," which was produced by order of the Duke of Rovigo in the early part of 1813. About this time we find Cherubini very busy; military music for bands, cantatas for civic and state occasions, and his fine quartet in E flat, No. 1, were rapidly thrown off from his fertile pen. A tardy recognition came at last for him.

During the hundred days, Napoleon conferred an honor on our composer in naming him Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—not, however, as a composer, but as leader of the National Guards' band. "Thus," said Raoul Rochette in his eulogy on Cherubini before the Institute—"thus did Napoleon still find means of being unjust towards M. Cherubini, even in doing him an act of justice."

The order was confirmed by Louis XVIII in April, 1814. In the following March, Cherubini was again invited to England, this time by the Philharmonic Society. He accepted the offer and directed the performance of his own compositions,

receiving a liberal remuneration for his service. These works consisted of an Overture in G, a Symphony in D, and a Pastoral cantata entitled "Inno alla Primavera." None of these compositions seem to have met with much success either here or at Vienna. The symphony was eventually turned into a quartet with a change of key and a new *allegro*.

Napoleon had left for St. Helena, when Cherubini returned to Paris, and one of the first acts of the Bourbon King was to make him an Academician. The walls of his office were covered with honorary diplomas which came to him from all parts. The name of the Conservatoire was altered into that of *Ecole Royale de Musique*, and Cherubini was appointed professor of composition. The unselfish nature of his disposition is well illustrated by the following narrative.

"When on the death of Martini in 1816, the post of musician and superintendent of the King's Chapel, was offered by the king, through his first gentleman in waiting, to Cherubini, the latter, seeing that his acceptance of it would naturally entail the dismissal of Lesueur, who had held it under Martini, under the following regime, replied, 'Monseigneur, Lesueur, my friend is more worthy of this high position than I am. If I had not a young family to bring up, if I were rich, I would refuse it altogether; but if his Majesty is willing to allow me to share with Lesueur the superintendence of his music, I will accept it with thankfulness.' So Cherubini shared the office with Lesueur at a salary for himself of three thousand francs. Thus it was not till he was fifty-five years of age that this great man ceased to be anxious about his livelihood. He and Lesueur took turns at superintending the music every alternate three months."

Mr. Bellasis gives an interesting account of the constitution and music of the royal chapel, but we must pass on. Only half an hour was allotted for the time the Low Masses were permitted to occupy, and it required considerable skill to compress the musician's ideas within this limited time. This explains the shortness of some of Cherubini's smaller masses, and the large number of old movements he composed for various portions of the service.

The year 1816 was the busiest of Cherubini's life, and Mr. Bellasis says that "he studied deeply Falcstrina as well as Clari, Marcello, and Jomelli's works." Unless the maestro expressly says so, we cannot accept this statement. In January he produced a grand Cantata, and in March following his third great Mass in C, for four, five, and six voices and chorus. This work, though planned on a smaller scale than its predecessor, is hardly less fine and effective, while it is thoroughly fitted for ecclesiastical purposes. Girod writes that some musicians prefer it to all the other masses of Cherubini. "Less grand than the Coronation Mass, there is more unctious felt in it; it is a tissue of melodic beauties united to a consummate perfection in the details of the vocal and instrumental parts. It is music full of life, of piety, and learning." An analysis of this mass does Mr. Bellasis considerable credit. He appears to think that the influence of Beethoven's mass in C—written six years previously—is to be traced in this work.

A number of motets, offertory pieces, and the famous "Ave Maria" belong to this period. "Chacun à son gout," was never better illustrated than in the two criticisms on this piece: the one by Girod, who says "there is everything that is touching, lovely, and loving in the prayer," while on the other hand, Schlüter calls it "a piece of vanity and affectation." However, the critical acumen of the latter pretentious historian has been already properly assessed, and musicians will experience no difficulty in estimating this gem at its proper value. Another cantata, "The marriage of Solomon," was written for the marriage of the ill-fated Duc de Berri. Lastly, the first Requiem, that in C minor, was written for the death of the King, and was performed in January at the Abbey Church of St Denis. Berlioz considered this the greatest work of its author. He writes: "no other production of this grand master can bear any comparison with it, for abundance of ideas, fulness of form, and sustained sublimity of style." Another writer draws an apt comparison between the mass and Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*. "Both works are incomparable master-works; both have been produced by, and are filled with, true, faithful, religious feeling, and yet they are thoroughly different in character. Whilst to us the *Matthäus-Passion* has always appeared as the most deeply felt and most important communication of true German

art in the field of Protestant church-music, we may call Cherubini's Requiem the greatest work of Italian Catholicism."

The official connection of Cherubini with the Royal Chapel was no doubt the main incentive for him to write religious music, instead of composing for the stage. We have always regretted the want of such well paid posts in our own country. There is no telling what English music loses through having no such "otium cum dignitate" places for our composers to rely on. Mr. Bellasis speaks in high praise of a "Regina Cæli," terming it "the most beautiful piece of its kind and a magnificent oration to the Queen of Heaven." This is not yet published, and a mass in E, written in the same year, also remains in manuscript. In 1819 he produced his first Coronation Mass in G. This was executed at the crowning of Louis XVIII, who conferred on the composer the title of Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael. The work is entirely unknown in England, having been seemingly eclipsed by its rival, the second Coronation Mass; Mr. Bellasis gives some interesting particulars about it. Spohr in his Autobiography writes with pleasure of his intercourse with Cherubini during his visit to Paris. Like Gluck, Mozart, and Mendelssohn he came to the conclusion that the French are not really a musical nation, and wondered that they could listen to the thin faded operas of Grétry after the masterpieces of Cherubini and Méhul. Spohr was anxious to obtain the opinion of Cherubini as to his music, and after playing his first quartet he was on the point of producing a second, when Cherubini protested against it, and said:—

"Your music, and indeed the form and style of this kind of music, is as yet so foreign to me, that I cannot find myself immediately at home with it, nor follow it properly; I would therefore much prefer that you repeated the quartet you have just played."

Spohr seems to have been much astonished at this remark, and was still more astonished when he afterwards ascertained that Cherubini was unacquainted with the stringed masterpieces by Mozart and Beethoven. After a subsequent performance, he praised the composition, criticizing it keenly, and asked for yet another hearing. This ignorance of the famous German stringed quartets speaks volumes for the independent originality of Cherubini's works. Moscheles in his diary gives many interesting reminiscences of his meetings with Cherubini, and furnishes a most amusing account of a comic concert at Ciceri's, when the overture to "Demophon" was played on *mirilious* (reed pipe whistles, partly made of sugar), and two frying pans which served as drums.

In 1821, Cherubini took part in the composition of an allegorical opera, "Blanche de Provence," a work ordered on the occasion of the baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux. Towards the close of the year he wrote a short but lovely mass in B flat, now published in the first volume of his posthumous works. Shortly after this he became director of the Conservatoire, on the resignation of Perne. Until Cherubini held the reins, the institution seems to have been in a bad state. So small was the sum allotted by the Government, that there were actually no instruments for some of the classes! and owing to the want of firewood, furniture and old pianofortes were occasionally burnt as fuel! Cherubini was not the man to submit to this state of things, and under his able management a great change took place. He soon made the Marquis de Laureston, Minister of the Royal Household, understand that if the Conservatoire were to be kept up, plenty of money must be expended. His own salary was 9,500 fr. per annum. The composer was in his 61st year when he was intrusted with the government of the great French musical school. The change in the institution was immense; he reformed the whole system, and proved that he could govern with great success. As Mr. Bellasis says, "Under his rule, the Conservatoire rose to its present high position; and as long as that institution exists, the influence of Cherubini, once dominant in the French capital, cannot be said to have departed from it." He engaged the best teachers, and himself set these an admirable example of punctuality, hard work, and devotion to his duties. We must pass over the details of his management, only remarking that (according to the testimony of his contemporaries and pupils) he appears to have been exacting towards the professors and severe as to the pupils. He, however, readily discovered and encouraged rising talent, and was scrupulously just. His administration was not free from annoyances, and he several times sent in his

resignation, but difficulties were smoothed over. He still occupied himself with writing out full scores as studies, turning his attention to botany, and etching by way of relaxation. In spite of his strictness, he was popular among the pupils. Mr. Bellasis prints many telling anecdotes as to the intercourse of Cherubini with his old pupils, several of whom evidently regarded him with great affection. His modesty is well illustrated by an account of a concert at which he was present, when a piece of Beethoven was followed by his own overture to "L'Hôtellerie Portugaise;" before this was performed he remarked, "I am now going to appear a very small boy." Cherubini seems from the majority of accounts to have been satirical and rough in his outward demeanor, but nevertheless he had a kind heart, and frequently showed deep sympathy with his brother musicians and young pupils of promise. Berlioz alone appears to have taken a dislike to him, but the character of this musician is now well known. His inordinate vanity and conceit was probably one of the chief causes of the comparative failure of his pieces to gain a hearing. His original and extraordinary orchestration did not offer sufficient compensation for his fantastic ideas. Cherubini quickly detected the shallowness of Berlioz's musical ability, and lost no opportunity of exposing his deficiencies, so that there was a mutual antagonism between the two men.

Cherubini was fond of smart sayings and of being rude, nor did he spare his friends. Thus Halévy once took Cherubini to hear one of his operas. At the end of the first act he asked his master how he liked it. Cherubini made no reply. At the end of the second act Halévy repeated his question. Again no answer. "Vous ne me répondez point," exclaimed Halévy. "Que vous répondez?" replied the inexorable maestro, "voici deux heures que vous ne me dites rien."

Again, when Beethoven's Mass in D was being one day given, Berlioz spoke against the fugue "et vitam." Cherubini entering the corridor, and hearing something was going on, said, "What is it?" Some one replied, pointing to Berlioz, "This fellow does not like the fugue." "That is because the fugue does not like him," said Cherubini. At another time when Cherubini was venting his rage against the parents of precocious children, a lady came in on an appointed interview, bringing with her her child, whom she began to praise as a wonderful genius, "a perfect child of nature." "Madam," said the maestro, "leave him with us; we will adopt him. Quel bonheur de trouver un enfant de la nature, tombé sur la terre, sans père, sans mère, sans sœur, sans frère." At another time, he silenced one who was complaining of the chromatic progression from F sharp to F natural in Rossini's Prayer, from Moses. "What do you say," said the pedant, "to this flagrant transgression of that libertine Rossini?" "What do I say?" replied Cherubini; "I only wish I had committed it." On another occasion a work was brought him, generally reputed to be Méhul's. "Show it me, then," said Cherubini to the person who brought it. At last he said, "It is not Méhul's; it is too bad to be his." "It is mine," said the other. "I tell you it is not yours." "Why, dear master?" "Because it's too good to be yours."

Cherubini was the author of the famous saying, "The only thing worse than one flute is two." Mr. Bellasis also informs us that he never lent an umbrella, a piece of shrewd firmness we greatly admire. Our author apologizes for not telling us more abundant and minute details of Cherubini himself, by stating that those who knew him best have told so little about him. This excuse is but a lame one for a writer to put forth; if a second edition of this book be called for, we recommend him to try other sources for information as to the private life of the maestro.

Cherubini was the first president and, with Habeneck, the principal founder of the Société des Concerts. This famous institution was originally intended for the performance of Beethoven's works; but in course of time its sphere of action was considerably enlarged. Its concerts rank among the finest that can be heard. Berlioz, in his egotistic "Mémoires," accuses the great Florentine master of indifference to, and jealousy of Beethoven. Facts are altogether opposed to this assertion, and Professor Ella, in some of his valuable Musical Union papers, has put this matter in the right light. It may be remarked that Berlioz brings much the same charge against all his contemporary Parisian musicians. The accounts given of the constitution of the society, the subsidy and government assistance rendered, and the nature of the performances, will be read with interest.

held, is he for - sak - en for their crimes?

mf

p

SOPR. I. SOLO. *cresc.*

Is he for - sak - en, forsak - en?

SOPR. II. SOLO. *cresc.*

Is he for - sak - en, forsak - en?

ALTO SOLO. *cresc.*

Is he for - sak - en, forsak - en?

cresc. *f p* *cresc.*

Is he for - sak - en, for - sak - en? O

sf *ff*

Is he for - sak - en, for - sak - en? O

sf *ff*

cresc. *al*

p

Sostenuto come I.

SOPR. I. & II. SOLO.



ALTO SOLO.



SOPRANI.



ALTI.

*Sostenuto come I.*

dim.
God,

dim.
God,

dim.
God,

dim.
God,

Ped. * *dim.*

p Who, to wrath provok - ed, des - troy - est ?

p Who, to wrath provok - ed, des - troy - est ?

p Who, to wrath provok - ed, des - troy - est ?

p Who, to wrath provok - ed, des - troy - est ?

p *dim.* *Ped.* *dim.*

CHORUS SPEAKER. My sisters, do you not hear
The cruel Tyrian trumpets' warlike tone?
SALOMITH. Yea, and the vile barbarians' cries assail mine ear;
I shudder! — let us begone,
Let us fly to the sanctuary's shade,
For shelter and for salutary aid. (*exeunt.*)

p *pp* *pp* *pp*

No. 7. "HEAVEN AND EARTH DISPLAY HIS GRANDEUR."—CHORUS.

Allegro maestoso. (During the two last dialogues.)

pp *p* *cresc.*

sf *dim.* *pp* *f*

ff

Heav'n and the earth dis - play His grandeur is un -

TUTTI. ff

Heav'n and the earth dis - play His grandeur is un -

f

Among the smaller works written by Cherubini about this period may be cited an "Inclina Domini," a four-part introtit with full orchestra, which has been given in London by Mr. Leslie's choir. The following account of the meeting of Cherubini with the Abbé Liszt is graphic:—

"In the year 1824 Cherubini came across the gifted Liszt, then a mere lad, whose father, writing to Carl Czerny, in a letter dated from Paris, September 3, 1824 says, speaking of his son: 'With his opera, at which he works industriously, I am sure you will be pleased, and I hope it will be the greatest success of our travels. I must tell you a story relating to it. When the programme came before the censorship it was asked who was going to write the music; and the poet answered, laughing, "Young Liszt." "What!" exclaimed Cherubini: "do you think that to compose an opera is as easy as performing a piece on a piano? That cannot be passed." Some others held the same view; Paër alone gave it as his opinion that a trial should be made. This happened while we were in London, and when we came back we knew nothing further about the matter. We went to the director of the opera to inform him that the opera was finished, and that Liszt was now beginning to score it. Picture to yourself the thunderbolt when we heard what had occurred. My boy, who in his imagination was already conducting his opera, lost all hope; but I was philosopher enough to remain unconcerned."

[To be continued.]

The New Opera House at Paris.

This magnificent and costly temple of the muses and the syrens was opened with great ceremony on the 5th of January.

Both Mme. Nilsson and M. Faure were absent on the ground of health, and Mlle. Krauss bore off the chief honors. M. Halanzier's programme was the following very mixed affair:

1. Overture to Masaniello.....Auber.
2. First and Second act. of La Juive.....Halévy.
3. Overture of William Tell.....Rossini.
4. Blessing of the Daggers in The Huguenots.....Meyerbeer.
5. Second act of La Source.....Delibes.

A thoughtful and interesting description of the new opera house is given by the Paris correspondent of the *Guardian*. He says:—

No word-painting, or at least none of which I am capable, would suffice to convey to the mind a tittle of the impression which this strange, stupendous, Babylonish, Ninevitic temple of modern pleasure conveys to the eye. I wish, too, I could say that either impression was calculated to be of a more agreeable nature. For that M. Garnier, the architect, is a man of genius, and of very daring genius, it is impossible to deny; and as one saw him there in the midst of his 500 workpeople, with his wild, haggard face, the ugliness of which is a proverb, under the huge mass of that which represents hair, begrimed with dust and paint, looking the very soul of energy, and of French energy, too—evidently heart and soul in his work, and believing, I have no doubt, that that work was to crown him with artistic immortality—seeing all this in the man, and fully acknowledging the zeal and talent that must be in him, one could not help feeling sorry that they had not been expended to better purpose, and in the production of something different from the astounding agglomeration which made one aghast to look at it. One reason why it is difficult to describe M. Garnier's work is, that it is so utterly overcharged, overdone, over-elaborated in every sense, that it is impossible to make head or tail of it. But that it is also over-powering, overwhelming even in its extravagance, there is no denying. Another reason is, that it is such a strange jumble of styles that every shaft, gallery, and cornice would require a volume to itself to describe the variety it displays. For instance, the pillars of the grand saloon, or *foyer*, which stretches across the entire *façade* of the building fronting the Place de l'Opéra and running immediately behind the open arcades, or *loggie*, which there look out upon the Place, comprise, in their bases, which extend up one-third of the shaft, and in their capitals, which extend nearly as far down, something apparently taken from every style in the world—Assyrian, Hindoo, Greek, Egyptian, and Roman. And architraves of doorways and panellings, and everything else, are in the same style, it "style" it may be called. There are two things that strike one pre-eminently in gazing round upon this strange scene—one by its absence, the

other by its presence. The first is the absolute deficiency of anything approaching to good taste, elevation, or refinement; though it must be allowed that this defect is relieved from all reproach of tameness or poverty by a vigor, extravagance, and audacity, displayed in such flights of imagination, as are seldom to be met with. That which makes its presence to be felt in the new opera is something of a different kind again. It has been justly remarked of Gérôme's celebrated picture of the Roman Amphitheatre, that its great and chief merit is the impersonation of paganism, of which it conveys the idea, and which is so skillfully diffused over every feature of it. The very air seems pagan, as much as the face of the bloated Caesar, or the crowd of armed brutes, rather than men, below, who hail him. One does not expect a Grand Opera, and especially a French Grand Opera, to be exactly a Christian edifice, even in the nineteenth century; but neither surely need it bear the semblance of a Temple of Paganism. Yet the latter is undoubtedly the predominating impression which M. Garnier's interior conveys. From the masks, with their open mouths and eyeless eye-holes, which glare upon you from the walls, to the deities in the ceilings, and the endless details spread all through the architecture and decorations—everything is pagan and barbaric. Nor is it that sort of light, airy paganism to which we give such names as the Temple of the Muses or other cheerful-sounding designations; but hard, coarse, brutal, licentious paganism, such as we associate with amphitheatres and arenas. One expected every moment to see a troop of gladiators come on to the stage, and to hear the roar of wild beasts instead of the music of the orchestra. It is difficult to say exactly how this effect is produced, but assuredly the *spirit* that seems to reign through the place is something far more associative with the Roman bath and the amphitheatre than the modern playhouse. As I have said, description is impossible, and would quite fail to convey any idea of the *spirit* which seems to breathe all around. I might tell you, indeed, that the grand staircase is loaded, and overloaded a thousandfold, with everything that the most prodigal profusion of bronzes, and statues, and candelabras, and gilding, and onyx can produce in overwhelming confusion and bewildering richness. But it is to the destruction of all lines and proportions, and the same might be said of every leading gallery and corridor about the place. The height and depth above and below the stage, whether you look down or up, are portentous, and make you giddy to contemplate, so immense is the space devoted to mere machinery. The sweep of the house, a deeply depressed elliptical semicircle, is wide and imposing. But the decorations there, as everywhere else, bear the same stamp, and leave the same impression; and the Royal, Imperial, or Presidential tribune (whichever it is to be) looks as if its most fitting occupant would still be Gérôme's Emperor, and the *Morturi te salubant* the most appropriate utterance of the arena below.

When I say, however, that most parts of the interior of the building are indescribable from their excessive ornamentation and heterogeneous character, an exception must be made in favor of a corner which, from its singleness of purpose, does perhaps admit of description, and which may also be taken as a fair specimen of the kind of tone which prevails throughout. This consists of a saloon behind the stage, called the *foyer des danseuses*, wherein the ladies of the *corps de ballet* are entitled to admire and exercise themselves during the interval of their appearance on the stage. One entire end of the saloon is occupied by a gigantic mirror, which exactly doubles in appearance its size. The other end and sides are adorned by paintings by the luscious, not to say licentious, pencil of Boulanger, so well known for designs of this description. These consist, first, of portraits of all the principal *dansesuses* who have figured on the boards of all the theatres of the world—the divinities, in fact, of the place; while below are depicted groups of dancers, male and female, as voluptuous as nudity and action combined can make them. Here it would not do to be too accurate in description, though the task would be easy enough. Suffice it to say, that a more sybaritish temple, or one more appropriate to its destination and its occupants than this *salon des danseuses*, it would be difficult to imagine. The effect of the whole place was simply shocking, sickening in its voluptuousness. "Il y a plus d'enfer ici que de ciel," whispered a Frenchman to me; just as before, while traversing some other parts of the building, an Englishman had suggested that he had never so clearly recognized what the *décadence* of an age and nation was as when contemplating such a spectacle as this Opera House

being thus completed, decorated, and about to be inaugurated, and with such enthusiasm, by France, at such a moment!

The following particulars, extracted from the official description of the *Nouvel Opéra*, will be read with interest:—

The staff consists of the director, M. Halanzier-Dufresnoy; the secrétaire général, M. Delahaye; two librarians, two stage managers, one prompter (M. Coëdès), two directors of the chorus, ten dramatic singers, Mesdms. Krauss, Gueymard, Mandult, Vidal, H. Lory, Ecarlat-Gelsmar, Ferrucci, and Girius, Nivet-Grenier, and Rosine Bloch; ten light singers, Mesdms. Nilsson, Marie Belval, Moisset, B. Thibault, Madier-Montjau, Arnaud, Fonquet, Hustache, Armandi, and J. Lory; ten tenors, MM. Villaret, Silva, Archard, Bosquin, Vergnet, Salomon, Mierawinski, Grisy, Sapin, and Hayet; six baritones, MM. Faure, Caron, Lassalle, Manoury, Anguez, and Mermand; and eight basses, MM. Belval, Gailhard, Menu, Battaille, Gaspard, Ponsard, Fréret, and Seller. The orchestra has a first chef d'orchestre, M. Delvedez; a second chef, M. Altès; and a third chef, M. Garcin; eleven first violins, twelve second violins, ten violoncellos, eight altos, eight contrabasses, three hautboys, three clarionets, three flutes, five horns, four bassoons, two trumpets, three cornets, four trombones, one ophicleide, two harps, one side-drum, one tambourine, one cymbal, one drum, and one triangle, in all eighty-four members.

An Interesting List.

The modern operatic repertory, which has made the fortune of managers over the whole world, comprises a considerable number of works. The following catalogue contains the titles of some of them, with the date of their first production, and the name of the place where they were produced:

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, Rossini, Rome, 1816; OTELLO, Rossini, Naples, 1816; LA GAZZA LADRA, Rossini, Rome, 1817; DER FREISCHUTZ, Weber, Berlin, 1821; SEMIRAMIDE, Rossini, Venice, 1825; OBERON, Weber, London, 1826; MOSE, first at Paris, then at Naples, 1827; LA MUETTE DE PORTICI, Auber, Paris, 1828; LA STRANIERA, Bellini, Milan, 1828; GUILLAUME TELL, Rossini, Paris, 1829; LA VESTALE, Pacini, Piacenza, 1830; ANNA BOLENA, Donizetti, Milan, 1831; LA SONNAMBULA, Bellini, Milan, 1831; NORMA, Bellini, Milan, 1831; CHIARA DI ROSENBERG, Ricci, Milan, 1831; ROBERT LE DIABLE, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1831; BEATRICE DI TENZA, Bellini, Milan, 1832; L'ELISIR D'AMORE, Donizetti, Naples, 1832; TORQUATO TASSO, Donizetti, Rome, 1833; LUCREZIA BORGIA, Donizetti, Milan, 1833; IL NUOVO FIGARO, Ricci, Parma, 1833; GEMMA DI VERGY, Donizetti, Milan, 1834; I PURITANI, Bellini, Paris, 1834; UNA AVVENTURA DI SCARAMUCCIA, Ricci, Milan, 1834; ERA DUE ORE SONO TRE, Ricci, Turin, 1834; LA JUIVE, Halévy, Paris, 1835; MARINO FALIERO, Donizetti, Paris, 1835; LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Donizetti, Naples, 1835; LES HUGUENOTS, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1836; CRISPINO E LA COMARE, The Brothers Ricci, Naples, 1837; BELINARIO, Donizetti, Venice, 1836; ROBERTO DEVEREUX, Donizetti, Naples, 1837; IL GIURAMENTO, Mercadante, Naples, 1838; MARIA DI RUDENS, Donizetti, Venice, 1838; I DUE ILUSTRI RIVALI, Donizetti, Venice, 1839; POLIUTO, Donizetti, Turin, 1840; IL TEMPLARIO, Nicolini, Turin, 1840; LA FILL DU REGIMENT, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; LA FAVORITA, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; LINDA DI CHAMOUNI, Donizetti, Vienna, 1844; NABUCCO, Verdi, Milan, 1842; SAFFO, Pacini, Milan, 1842; SAUL, Buzzi, Rome, 1843; I LOMBARDI, Verdi, Milan, 1843; DON PASQUALE, Donizetti, Paris, 1843; MARIA DI ROHAN, Donizetti, Vienna, 1843; DOM SEBASTIAN, Donizetti, Paris, 1843; ERNANI, Verdi, Venice, 1844; LA FIDANZATA CORSA, Pacini, Florence, 1844; I DUE FOSCARI, Verdi, Rome, 1844; STRADELLA, Flotow, Hamburg, 1844; GIOVANNI D'ARCO, Verdi, Milan, 1845; ATILLA, Verdi, Venice, 1846; MACBETH, Verdi, Florence, 1847; MARTA, Flotow, Vienna, 1847; JONE, Petrella, Milan, 1848; LE PROPHETE, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1849; DON BUCCALÒ, Cagnoni, Milan, 1849; TUTTI IN MASCHERA, Pedrotti. — LUISA MILLER, Verdi, Naples, 1849; RIGOLETTO, Verdi, Venice, 1851; IL TROVATORE, Verdi, Rome, 1853; LA TRAVIATA, Verdi, Venice, 1853; L'ETOILE DU NORD, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1854; LES VÉPRES SICILIENNES, Verdi, Paris, 1855; SIMON BOCCANERRA, Verdi, Venice, 1856; UN BALLO IN MASCHERA, Verdi, Rome, 1859; FAUST, Gounod, Paris, 1859; LE PARDON DE PLOERMEK, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1859; LA FORZA DEL DESTINO, Verdi, St. Petersburg, 1863; L'AFRICAIN, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1865; DON CARLOS, Verdi, Paris, 1867; RUY BLAS, Marchetti, Milan, 1869; IL GUARANY, Gomez, Milan, 1870; AIDA, Verdi, Cairo, 1871; I PROMESSI SPOSI, Ponchielli, Milan, 1872; SALVATOR ROSA, Gomez, Genoa, 1873.

Bayreuth.—Terms of Admission to the Niebelungen Paradise.

(From the London Musical World.)

News comes to us from Bayreuth, where the Festival Theatre of Herr Richard Wagner keeps up its legitimate business of swallowing the money of Herr Richard Wagner's friends. As at present calculated, the monster will be gorged by the spring of next year—in other words, the house will be finished, and everything ready for the performances which are to result in the artistic salvation of the world.

Nous verrons. Repeated postponements make cautious people dubious; and they will believe in the opening of the Bayreuth theatre only when it has taken place. For ourselves, we trust sincerely that nothing will further put off so desirable a consummation. Hope deferred may make the heart sick even unto death, and we do not want to lose our Richard. Far from it. We want our Richard to live long, and write, if not more operas, more letters to his friends, full of the hard hitting which gives even his foes delight, because it is so well done. As, therefore, he cannot yet be spared, let him realize the dream of years, and let the Festival Theatre be opened in due time.

But our news from Bayreuth is of a more particular kind than any question of dates. Herr Richard, it seems, is resolved that the audience at his Festival performances shall be a real audience, and not a mere gathering of folk who stare at each other as much as at the stage. Such is the influence he exerts that he might probably secure this result by placarding the house with "You are requested not to take your eyes off the stage." But Wagner—if not from experience, from observation—knows the weakness of human nature, and can understand the supreme necessity of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The eye, like the tongue, is an unruly member, given to wandering, and taking the mind with it. Moreover, Herr Wagner appreciates the fact that he himself—he, the Richard of Richards—will be there to absorb the reverent attention of the multitude, and fix their gaze. But the performances are not to suffer from any such counter attraction. To the audience there will be the stage and nothing but the stage, just as to the congregation in a convict chapel there is the parson, and nothing but the parson. Richard, in point of fact, means to box his friends in so that they can see nothing but what they ought to see. Each man will, for the nonce, be encelluled,—cut off from the world by half-inch deal, and with no outlook save into the land of romance bounded by the stage. Bold and daring Richard! May your shadow never be less!

But is this all? Nay, verily. We can supplement the Bayreuth news with much more conceived in the same spirit. Here, for example, are the terms upon which admission to the Festival performances will alone be granted:—

I. All persons desirous of attending are candidates for admission as a favor, and not as a right.

II. Money, though very much wanted, is the slightest qualification for admission. Art is not honored by gross, material offerings.

III. All candidates must make solemn oath that there is but one true opera, and that Wagner is its prophet.

IV. All candidates must be prepared to pass an examination in German legends, and to give evidence that they have for a year past read nothing else.

V. All candidates must solemnly declare their belief that the said legends are not only the fit associates of art, but are, in themselves, edifying, refining, and calculated to strengthen the natural modesty of young people.

VI. All candidates must wear an appropriate dress, so as to present outward and visible harmony with the subject of the opera.

VII. All candidates must submit to be searched as a guarantee against the use of wool in the ears—that being strictly forbidden.

VIII. A scale of fines will be rigidly enforced against all who sneeze, cough, blow their noses, or otherwise show a want of mental and bodily absorption in the performance.

IX. Persons detected in the act of speaking to each other, or themselves, will at once be turned out of the theatre.

X. Any person expressing disapprobation will be promptly handed over to the police of his Bavarian Majesty.

XI. Those who approve, and are ready to abide by these rules, may at once send their money, accompanied by a filled-up form (to be had at "all the libraries,") stating their full name, address, and profession; their opinions on things in general, and a certificate of their baptism.

Having thus prepared his audience, and boxed them in, there will be triumph in Bayreuth next year. May we see it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 6, 1875.

Concerts.

The sixth HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT had one of the most attractive programmes, and proved one of the most delightful of the season. The day, for the third time in succession, was stormy, and there were vacant seats in consequence; yet the audience was large and such as true artists like to have before them. Cherubini's lively, graceful, genial Overture to his "Anacreon," in spite of a little formal commonplace in the beginning, charmed as it always did in the earlier series of these concerts; and it was rendered with due nicety, delicacy and fine Anacreontic fire. One must be difficult to please who is not happy when he can hear an Overture by Cherubini well interpreted. The exquisite love-fraught Fourth Symphony (B flat) of Beethoven never was more truly felt in any rendering by a Boston orchestra; indeed the instruments were in excellent mutual rapport: light and shade were carefully observed, and all the strength, the fire, the delicacy of the work spoke to the soul of the entranced listener. The only exception we are disposed to take to any part of the performance, was to the tempo of the *Adagio* (second movement), which to our feeling was a whit too fast; such wine you would sip slowly. The very difficult *Scherzo*, with its catchy phrases, came out with unusual clearness of outline; and the uncontrollable zeal and transport, the "divine, enchanting ravishment" of the Finale carried all sympathies along with it.

The principal number of the Second Part was Schumann's wonderful Pianoforte Concerto (in A minor), one of the chief masterworks that ever have appeared in that form, indeed not to be matched, for fine, unflagging inspiration, wealth of charming and significant ideas, beauty of form and color, depth of feeling, unity of purpose and true spontaneous development, perfect co-working of orchestra and solo instrument, by anything outside of the three,—perhaps we may say the two,—best of the Concertos by Beethoven. The orchestra were well up in their parts, and seemed to share the spirit of the work, and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD played it as if he felt it, as if it thoroughly possessed him, with feeling and enthusiasm tempered by a careful intellectual study of the force and meaning of its every note, and at the same time with admirable distinctness, and mastery of all its technical requirements. That in the matter of expression, now and then, it did not seem a little over-studied,—brooded over, perchance a little too long, too sensitively, in the solitary and most conscientious preparation, is more than we can venture to declare; but we would trust his judgment, rather than our own impression, in the case of a work which he has so made his own. At all events, taking into account both the composition and the interpretation, we must confess to having enjoyed it more than any important pianoforte performance this whole winter.

The closing Overture, the only new thing in the programme, was that by Reinecke to Calderon's "Dame Kobold," which may be taken, we suppose, as the German equivalent for "Lady Puck," or something of that sort. It is a light, lively, moderately imaginative, well-written, rather brilliant Overture; not at all "barbaric," as one critic called it; not particularly [original, and rather wanting climax; but pleasing on the whole, and reasonably musical, compared with the *outré* new things so much paraded now-a-days. It does not seem, however, to have made much mark.

This week's Concert comes on Friday, too late for notice in this number.

The eighth Concert (Thursday, Feb. 18) will consist entirely of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," which is nearly two hours long.

The fifth of the THOMAS Symphony Concerts, Wednesday evening, Jan. 20, had for programme: Symphony, No. 6, D minor, op. 189, (new).....Raff.

Motto.

"Gelebt, gestrebt.—Gelitten, gestritten.—Gestorben, umworben."

1. Allegro non troppo. 2. Vivace. 3. Larghetto, quasi Marcia Funebre. 4. Allegro con spirito.

"Nachthelle," poem by J. G. Seidl, op. 134.—Schubert. Solo for Tenor and Chorus.

The Boylston Club and Orchestra.

Hungarian Dances, (new).....Brahms.

1. Allegro molto. 2. Allegretto. 3. Allegro con spirito.

Overture Leonore, No. 2.....Beethoven. Concerto, for two Violins and Orchestra, (first time.)

Bach.

1. Vivace. 2. Largo. 3. Allegro.

Messrs. Jacobson and Arnold.

Festgesang, from Schiller's poem "An die Kuenstler." Mendelssohn.

Chorus for Male Voices and Brass instruments.

The Boylston Club and Orchestra.

Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber, [first time],

Walkure. Manuscript.....Wagner.

[First night of the Niebelungen-Ring.]

The Vocal Part by Mr. Franz Remmert.

The new Symphony by that sleepless and voluminous composer, Raff, revealed no correspondence, part for part, between its several movements and the sections of its rhymed German motto, which means "Lived and strove; suffered and fought; died and won." To be sure, one might feel in the general character of the work as a whole (especially the first movement), as he does in so many of the more earnest, great Symphonic works,—notably the C minor of Beethoven—a suggestion of the conflict and the victory of life. This we have, rather weakly and vaguely, (with nothing like the conciseness and the fire of Beethoven) in the first *Allegro*, which seemed not unmusical, not of marked originality (of course, speaking from a single hearing.) But the *Vivace*, which succeeds it, is just a freakish, wild fantastic *Scherzo*, apropos of nothing, surely not of *gelitten* or *gestritten*. The Funeral March is by far the most striking movement, and taken by it itself, quite interesting. But the Finale, which we suppose should mean Victory in Death, disappointed every hope of glorious climax, and was wholly uninspiring, tame, prolix and tedious. (Think of the Finale of the Fifth Symphony!) But your outright Thomas public, as well as ye Thomas "critics," always in duty bound to go by the book, seem ready to reverse the maxim of taking the will for the deed, and measure the intrinsic value of the composition by the splendor and precision of the instrumental execution. Everything is good, in other words, which Thomas plays, and because Thomas plays it.—The dances by Brahms did not give us half the pleasure which a good old set of the Strauss waltzes would on any fit occasion.

Of the new Wagnerian instalment, from the *Wal-kyrie*, we may confess we listened to it all with interest and amazement; it stirred up some new sensations, which it would be hopeless to define. Wotan, in his wrath, (who is a sort of Scandinavian Jove, ruler of all the world except himself), has condemned his beautiful daughter Brunhilde to the condition of a mortal, leaving her in deep sleep, and doomed to marry the first man who awakens her. Touched with a little human pity, notwithstanding, he takes leave of her, and sings his "*Abschied*," a strain not without tender feeling, but amidst the wildest hurricane of orchestral accompaniment, (meaning the struggle between the tyrant and the

father in one breast?). Mr. REMMERTZ delivered the vocal part with great sonorous power and dignity of style; he is a large man after Wagner's own heart, and would would do well for Bayreuth. The "Fire Charm," which follows, where the god calls fire out of the rocks to form a protecting ring about Brunhilde, is certainly a vivid, most ingenious piece of descriptive instrumental music, producing pleasurable surprise like any other clever novelty in fireworks.

The finest feature in that concert was the superb, and altogether beautiful and powerful rendering of the second *Leonore* overture. This earlier sketch of the perfected *Leonore* No. 3, with which we are all so familiar, was given in the Harvard concerts twice about the time of the Beethoven Centennial, and we believe not before or since. It contains the essential thoughts of the No. 3, but there are many differences. The trumpet passage from without, for instance, which was so exquisitely played this time, is altogether different. Was it not a great creator who could afford to put aside a work like this, and write a nobler one in its place! A new critic, introduced with complimentary flourish, in one of our evening dailies, evidently listened in the full belief that he was hearing the old friend No. 3, for he says: "This familiar work seemed clothed upon with a new and more charming beauty. *Points before unheard* appeared" (wonderful magic of the Thomas baton!), "and it was as if a well-known painting had been placed in a new and more effective light, and the wonder was that one had not seen all its surpassing beauty before."

The Boylston Club sang finely, especially in Mendelssohn's "To the Artists"; but in both pieces the accompaniment was overpowering. The "*Nacht-halle*" still seems to us one of the weakest of Schubert's compositions in that kind; and the orchestral transcription of the piano accompaniment added nothing but sonority, and that excessive.

A fourth Thomas Matinée followed "hard upon" (Saturday, 23d).—half "Classical," half Raff, Wagner, Svendsen, &c. Programme:

Suite in B minor, [first time].....Bach.
1. Grave—Fugue. 2. Sarabande. 3. Polonaise
et Double. 4. Badinerie.

Flute Obligato by Mr. Carl Wehner.

Aria, "Angels ever bright and fair." Theodora.
Handel.

Miss Emma Cranch.

Concerto, for Piano and Orchestra, op. 185.....Raff.
1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale.

Mme. Madeline Schiller.

Introduction, Finale, Tristan und Isolde, [by request.]
Wagner.

Overture, *Leonore*, No. 3.....Beethoven.

a. Canzone, Pur diletti.....Lotti.

b. Serenade, Angiolin dal blondo crin.....Liszt.

Miss Emma Cranch.

Hungarian Dances, [new].....Brahms.

1. Allegro molto. 2. Allegretto. 3. Allegro
con spirito.

Coronation March, [new].....Svendsen.

The Bach *Suite* was the light and playful one, and very charming, given once before in the evening concerts,—that is to say, four out of the eight short movements that compose this *Overture* (or *Suite*) in B minor. Miss CRANCH sang "Angels ever bright and fair" with excellent style and expression. Mme. Schiller played the Raff Concerto in the most brilliant manner, and was heartily applauded as before; but the work does not improve on acquaintance, being hardly more than a brilliant *ad captandum* show-piece, with the exception of some ingenious and pleasing orchestral effects in the beginning of the slow movement. That painful fit of musical indigestion, the "Tristan und Isolde" Introduction, which, according to the printed key runs through the whole chromatic gamut of love-sick, or it may

be sea-sick emotions, was again applauded, but evidently more misgivingly and faintly than it was the first time. The Second Part we were obliged to lose. We trust the "Leonore" critic above quoted bore with a cheerful spirit the absence of "new points of beauty," in his old friend No. Three!

On the following Monday evening, (25th, Mr. Thomas and his Orchestra took part in still a third Concert, given in the name of his faithful ally, the keeper of the Music Hall, Mr. A. P. PACK, who had also secured the attractive aid of the Glee Club of New York. This was the bill of fare:

1. Glee.—"When winds breathe soft".....Webbe.
2. Glee.—"When wearied wretches".....Bishop.
3. Song.—"Adelaide".....Beethoven.

4. Part Song.—"How sweet the Moonlight".....Leslie.

5. Glee.—"Wanton Gales".....Webbe.

6. Song.—"When we are old and gray".....Sainton Dolby.

Miss Finch.

7. Quintette.....Goldbeck.

Composed for the Club.

Overture.—"Oberon".....Weber.

Claconne.....Bach.

Adapted for Orchestra by Raff.

Aria.—"As when the dove." "Acis and Galatea".....Handel.

Miss Henrietta Beebe.

Concerto, for Piano and Orchestra, op. 185.....Raff.

1. Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale.

Mme. Madeline Schiller.

Tranmerel, [by request].....Schumann.

Overture.—"William Tell".....Rossini.

Chamber Concerts.

Mr. ERNST PERABO gave the first of a new pair of Matinées, at Wesleyan Hall, on Friday of last week, which we were unable to attend. The assisting artists were Mr. BERNHARD LISTEMANN and Mr. A. HARTDEGEN, of the Philharmonic Club, and Mr. J. C. MULLALLY, of the Beethoven Quintette Club. The programme was the following:

Sonata in A minor. No. 6, Breitkopf & H. Ed. [Mozart.
No. 7 Peters Ed.]

a. Allegro maestoso.

b. Andante cantabile con espressione.

c. Presto.

Sonata for Piano and Cello, op. 18. Dedite & F. Ser-

viale.....Rubinstein.

a. Allegro con moto.

b. Allegretto.

c. Allegro molto.

First time in Boston.

Trio No. 2, in G major, op. 112.....J. Raff.

a. Rasch froh bewegt.

b. Sehr rasch.

c. Massig langsam.

d. Rasch, durchaus behut.

First time in Boston.

For his second Matinée, next Tuesday afternoon,

Mr. Perabo offers three pieces: 1. a Piano Sonata

(curious novelty) by Thalberg!; 2. Rubinstein's So-

natina for Piano and Viola, which was heard with

interest once before; 3. the last of the Beethoven

Sonatas, op. 111, in C minor.

The first of the four Historical Concerts by Messrs.

Osgood and Boscovitz, on Friday, Jan. 22, was in-

structive and extremely interesting; but if presents

too great a topic, or too many topics, for a proper

notice with our present short allowance both of time

and space. We hope to give it suitable attention

before the second of the series (Feb. 26), which will

be devoted to the great period of Bach and Handel,

as the first was to specimens of their predeces-

sors, from Josquin de Pres to Palestrina, from Dr.

John Bull with his Spinnet to the Suites, etc., of Se-

bastian Bach.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB. The fourth and last

Classical Matinée (Feb. 1), at Mechanics Hall, drew

a somewhat larger audience in spite of the bad

weather, and was for the most part most enjoyable.

It opened with one of the good old Beethoven Quar-

tets, No. 4, in C minor, of the first set of six com-

prised in op. 18. We hear them so seldom now,

since the Mendelssohn Club have taken to a wan-

dering life, that every good revival of one of them

(or of those by Mozart or by Haydn), is the most refreshing experience we can have in that form of music. It was as fine a specimen of quartet playing as we have ever enjoyed in this city. Mr. B. LISTEMANN is an admirable leader and puts fire into the whole. Messrs. F. LISTEMANN, GRAMM and HARTDEGEN proved themselves worthy associates. The Adagio from Mendelssohn's B-flat Quintet was beautifully rendered by the same gentlemen with the addition of Mr. BELZ for the second viola. The Concert closed magnificently with the great Schumann Quintet in E flat, which never fails to inspire, Mr. LEONHARD playing the piano part in his usual admirable manner.

We missed the "mellow horn" this time of Mr. Belz. Mrs. ANNA GRANGER DOW sang an elaborate and brilliant Scena and Aria from Spohr's *Fava*, and the touching melody of Pergolesi: "Tre giorni son che Nina" with clear, telling voice and facile execution, but with rather a piercing, acid quality in some of the upper tones. Her voice seems to have gained in volume.

WORCESTER AGAIN. We are very happy to give place to the following communication from Mr. B. D. ALLEN. We copied the article from the *Palladium* simply to show what excellent service he was rendering to the cause of music by his lectures on the great composers and the production of such works as the *L'Allegro* of Handel. It was our fault that we carelessly overlooked the strictures upon Mr. Hayden's manner, which certainly find confirmation in nothing we have known of him; for he has always impressed us by a modesty and candor not too common among public singers.

What Mr. Allen says of musical criticism also has our sympathy.

Worcester, Jan. 28th, 1875.

Will Dwight's Journal of Music allow a disclaimer from one of the pianists alluded to in the following extract from the *Worcester Palladium*, referring to the performance of Mr. Hayden in Handel's "L'Allegro," recently given in this city?

"His manner, during the performance of prelude and interlude, has become, of late, disrespectful to the pianist, to say the least."

Were the influence of this criticism limited by the circulation of the paper in the city where it originated, its injustice might not require notice, since Mr. Hayden's merits are there well understood; but, copied into the Journal of Music, it cannot but be prejudicial to the interests of the young artist, who is seeking to win a position in his profession in a wider field. As the pianist of the occasion, I was not conscious of any disrespect shown me. On the contrary, I cannot but commend the courtesy with which the criticized singer remained standing during the long postludes, when, according to prevalent custom, he might have retired with the last notes of his song, provoking premature applause and greatly injuring the symmetry of the work. He is to be commended also for the fidelity of his preparation, which led him to obtain the readings of the first authority in the country. The applause of an enthusiastic audience bore testimony to his success. My own knowledge of the interest with which he rehearsed, to the last moment, renders it inconceivable that, in the public performance, he should have felt "disgust" or "indifference."

Now that I have pen in hand, may I give expression to a thought or two, bearing upon the general subject of musical criticism, without reference to special cases? I believe in the independence of the critic; that, excluding purely personal considerations, he should labor for the advancement of the art. With this end in view, he may adopt as his standard, *perfection*; condemning all according to

the degree in which they fail of this. The result will probably be that none can wholly bear the test, while most will fall far short of it. Those who seek to act as conservators of the public taste, by the organization of an orchestra, for instance, or, in small cities, by the organization of a choir for the production of rare choral works, will find their efforts derided, without any consideration of peculiar circumstances which may limit the number of rehearsals or otherwise impair the efficiency of their work. In such cases, does not the critic retard art to the extent to which he discourages and represses the efforts of those who would be its promoters? Many a singer of ability would be willing to give time, study and unrecompensed effort for the sake of helping on the good cause, who would shrink from exposing his reputation to the assaults of ungenerous criticism. Where such prevails, the community itself, as well as art, is the loser. Is not the needed criticism in such cases that which shall build up (edify), not that which shall tear down and destroy?

A point for the artist's consideration, is this; that, as the late critic of *The London Athenæum* has expressed it, a quill in a man's hand "does not give him wings to his shoulders, and convert him into a chartered angel, whose name must be spoken with dread so soon as ever his praise or blame appear in the journal." As one emerges from a state of pupillage he will need less and less the verdict of the outside public to assure him of his position in the kingdom of art. He, who, after every performance, must rush from the concert hall to inquire of the dispersing throng whether he did well, had better not be too hasty in dismissing his teacher. But those who walk in artistic freedom know when they have done well, though the world may disparage. They know, too, when they have done ill, though the world may extol. In striving to reach this position should we not all remember, that the criticism which does us good is friendly, even though it be severe?

B. D. ALLEN.

BALTIMORE. Programmes of the Twelve Concerts at the Peabody Institute, concluded from our last.

FOURTH PEABODY CONCERT—Jan. 23.

- Scandinavian Night.
Symphony, D major. Work 4. [Johann S. Svendsen, 1840.—
Overture to the fairy opera, "Aaddin" [C. F. E. Horneman, 1841.—
Concerto, A minor. Work 16. For Piano and Orchestra. [Edvard Grieg, 1843.—
Mr. B. Courlaender.
Songs. a. I've left the snow clad hills. Old Swedish ballad.
b. Vain desire. Finnish song by Carl Collan.
c. Dance-song. From the Dalecarlia, val. by in Sweden.
Miss Jennie Bull, of New York.
Overture to the opera, "Little Kirstin." [First time.] [J. P. E. Hartman, 1805.—
Wedding March, from the Swedish drama, "The Wedding at Ulfasa," August Söderman, 1830.—
FIFTH PEABODY CONCERT—Jan. 30.

- Quartet, D major, Work 64. For 2 Violins, Tenor, and Bass. [First time.] J. Haydn, 1732-1809.
Messrs. Allen, Schaefer, Metz, and Jungnickel.

- Song. Oh! that we two were maving! [Ch. Gounod, 1815.—
Madame Sophie Dowland, of London.
Grand Sonata, B flat. Work 106. For Piano. [First time.] L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
Madame Nanette Falk-Auerbach.

- Songs. a. Birds in the night. [Wm. Sterndale Bennett, 1816.—
b. May dew. Arthur Sullivan, 1842.—
Madame Sophie Dowland.
Trout-Quintet, A major. Work 114. [Fr. Schubert, 1797-1828.
For Piano, Violin, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double-bass.
Madame Nanette Falk-Auerbach, Concert-Master Seifert, Messrs. Metz, Jungnickel, and Fries of Copenhagen.

SIXTH PEABODY CONCERT—Feb. 6.

- Symphony, E minor. Work 67. [First time.] F. Hi ler, 1806.—
Motto: "Still the spring must come!"
Recitative and Air, from the opera, "Magic Flute." Act I, Scene IV. W. A. Mozart, 1756-1792.
Miss Emma Thursby, of New York.
a. Prelude to the 4th act of the opera, "Tovellille."
b. Dance of the Elves, from the opera, "Hjalmar and Ingeborg." Asger Hamerik, 1843.—

- Concerto, D minor. No. 8. For Piano and Orchestra. W. A. Mozart, 1756-1782.
Mr. Richard Hoffman, of New York.
Theme with Variations. H. Proch, 1809.—
Miss Emma Thursby.

- Hungarian March from the legend, "Condemnation of Faust." Hector Berlioz, 1803-1869.
SEVENTH PEABODY CONCERT—Feb. 13.

- Quartet, F major. Work 18. No. 1. L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
For 2 Violins, Tenor and Bass.
Concert-Master Seifert, Messrs. Schaefer, Metz, and Jungnickel.

- Piano. a. Impromptu, A flat. Work 26. b. Mazurka, G minor. Work 24. No. 1. c. Valse, C sharp minor. Work 61. No. 2. For Piano. Fr. Chopin, 1810-1849.
Madame Pauline Weiller.

- Air, from the oratorio, "Theodora." G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.
Miss Edith Abell, of Boston.
Violin. a. Air, from the "French Suite," on G string. J. Seb. Bach, 1685-1750.
b. Hungarian Dance, arranged by Joachim. [First time.] J. Brahms, 1835.—
Concert-Master Emil Seifert.

- Scene and Air, from the opera, "The Field of the Monks." F. Herold, 1791-1833.
Miss Edith Abell.

- Quintet, E flat. Work 44. For Piano, 2 Violins, Tenor, and Bass. Robt. Schumann, 1810-1856.
Madame Pauline Weiller, Concert-Master Seifert, Messrs. Schaefer, Metz, and Jungnickel.

EIGHTH PEABODY CONCERT—Feb. 20.

- French and Italian Night.
Harold in Italy, Symphony with Viola Solo. Work 16. [First time.] Hector Berlioz, 1803-1869.
Arietta, from the opera, "Romeo and Juliet." Ch. Gounod, 1815.—
Miss Jenny Busk.

- Overture to "Frances Juges." Work 3. [First time.] Hector Berlioz, 1803-1867.

- Scene and Air, from the opera, "Polinto." G. Donizetti, 1797-1850.
Madame Maria Salvotti, of New York.

- Duetto, from the opera, "The Barber of Seville." Miss Jenny Busk, and Signor Paolo Baraldi.

- Scene and Air, from the opera, "Semiramis." Miss Jenny Busk.

- Duetto, from the opera, "Semiramis." Miss Jenny Busk, and Madame Maria Salvotti.

- Overture to the opera, "Semiramis." G. Rossini, 1792-1868.
G. Rossini, 1792-1868.

NINTH PEABODY CONCERT—Feb. 27.

- German Night.
Ninth Symphony, D minor. Work 125. [First time.] L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
Scene and Air, from the opera, "Fidelio." Act I. Scene IX. L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
Mlle. Fredrika Rokoul, of New York.

- Concerto, A minor. Work 54. [First time.] R. Schumann, 1810-1856.
For Piano and Orchestra.
Madame Nanette Falk-Auerbach.

- Air, from the opera, "Magic Flute." Act II Scene V. W. A. Mozart, 1756-1792.
Mlle. Fredrika Rokoul.

- Good-Night Symphony, G major. [First time.] J. Haydn, 1732-1809.

TENTH PEABODY CONCERT—March 6.

- Trio, F major. Work 5. For Piano, Violin, and Bass. [First time.] G. Matthison-Hansen, 1839.—
Mr. B. Courlaender, Concert-Master Seifert, and Mr. Jungnickel.

- Scene and Air, from the opera, "Robert of Normandy." G. Meyerbeer, 1791-1864.
Miss Jenny Busk.

- Piano. a. Nocturne, E flat. b. Tarantelle, F major. [First time.] B. Courlaender, 1820.—
Mr. B. Courlaender.

- Date lontano, Italian Song. Miss Jenny Busk.

- Septet, E flat. Work 20. L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
For Violin, Tenor, Bass, Double Bass, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon.

ELEVENTH PEABODY CONCERT—March 13.

- American Night.
Arcadian Symphony, E minor. Work 49. [First time.] George Bristow, of New York.

- Concerto, G minor. For Piano and Orchestra. [First time.] O. B. Roise, of Ohio.
Mr. Sebastian B. Mills, of New York.

- Songs. a. Sleep, baby, sleep! b. "Ay!" c. Tender and true adieu! d. Once before! [First time.] Alfred H. Pease, of Ohio.
Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York.

- Introduction to the opera, "Cassilda." Work 50. [First time.] Wm. K. Bassford, of New York.

TWELFTH PEABODY CONCERT—March 20.

- Leonora Overture, C major. Work 72. No. 3. L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
Concerto, C minor. Work 185. For Piano and Orchestra. [First time.] J. Raff, 1822.—
Madame Madeline Schiller, of Boston.

- Polonaise, from the opera, "Mignon." [First time.] Ambre Thomas, 1811.—
Miss Emma Thursby, of New York.

- Kamarsinskaja. Russian Scherzo. [First time.] J. M. Glinka, 1804-1857.

- Songs. a. John Anderson my Joe! Old Scotch ballad. b. German ballad. c. English echo song. Miss Emma Thursby.

- Second Norse Suite, G minor. Work 23. [First time.] Asger Hamerik, 1843.—

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Shipwright. 3. D to e. Molloy. 35

"Hammer! Hammer, all day long."

A ringing, loud, manly song.

Rose Marie. 3. Bb to e. Molloy. 35

"I come to bring my bride from the west,
To bring home my sweet to me."

A very melodious song, with a musical name.

Little Darling. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to e. Danks. 40

"Will you kiss me again, little darling?"

Picture Title. Sweet love song with a pretty chorus.

Little Voices sweetly calling. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to f. Danks. 30

"Oh! 'tis sweet to hear the darlings."

One of the genial "home songs" that appeal to the heart as well as the taste.

Dancing in the dreamy Waltz. 3. D to e. Connolly. 35

"Languid, sweet, delicious waltz."

A very good "vocal waltz" with an easy gliding swing to its movements.

Be Faithful to your absent Friend. Duet and Cho. Hyatt. 30

A musical farewell to a friend, with well arranged chorus.

The Open Door. Song and Quartet. 3. C to f. Thomas. 50

"Hark! Hark! Sounds of gladness,
Echoed from the distant shore.
Weary heart, awake from sadness,
Yonder gleams the open door."

One of the sweetest poems of its class. Words by Cooper. Sweet music by J. R. Thomas. Picture title.

Instrumental.

Air Provençal. Transcription. 4. E. Ghys. 40

A very neat and sweet air of Provence, transcribed and ornamented by skillful hands.

Overture to Lohengrin. 4. A. Wagner. 30

Everybody has heard of the opera of Lohengrin, but very few, comparatively, have seen or heard it. This overture, then, is a novelty. Make its acquaintance.

Crystal Lake Polka. 2. F. Turner. 30

Rays of Moonlight Waltz. 2. Eb. " 30

Unlike Wagner, Mr. Turner writes for the present, and not for a future age. No one is more successful in composing correct, tasteful and simple music.

Sunlight Schottische. 2. A. Bricher. 30

Very graceful, light and spirited.

Willie Pape's Irish Diamonds. ea. 75

No. 5. Love's Young Dream, and Sprig of Shillelagh. 6. Eb

No. 6. The Valley lay smiling, and The Girl I left behind me. 6. G.

These fine pieces have merits which every teacher will at once recognize. They have taking melodies for foundation, and the ornamental work is just that that is the best practice for advanced pupils, and furnishes the *show* that is requisite for exhibition. Every Seminary should have the entire set.

Flowers of Melody. Mack, ea. 25

- No. 9. Go Ahead. No. 10. Fairview Quickstep.
11. Contentment Waltz. 12. From School Galop.
13. Care Away Galop. 14. Light Foot Quick P.
15. Old Friendship Red-a. 16. Pine Grove Waltz.
17. Pony Galop. 18. Gift Redowa.
19. Schoolmate Schottisch. 20. Mandoline Waltz.

Very easy and pretty pieces for beginners.

Spring. 4 hand pieces. Maylath, ea. 35

- No. 17. 1001 Nights Waltz. No. 18. Madame Angot.
19. Jolly Brothers. 20. Orpheus Galop.
No. 21. Blue Beard Waltz.

These are all pronounced favorites, and are easily arranged for duet playing.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The *keys* marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

